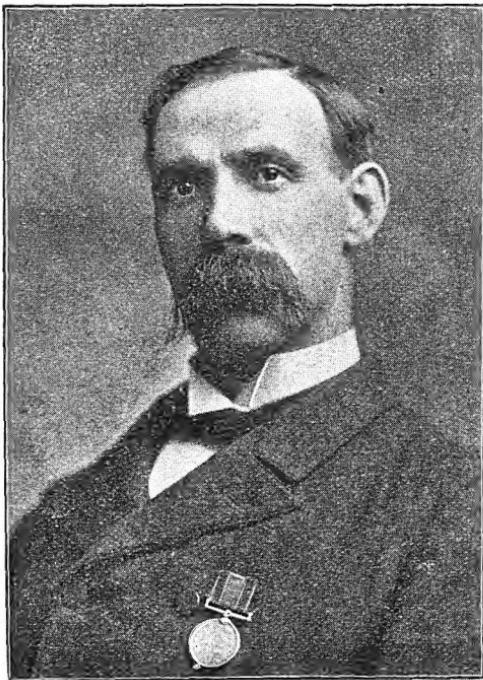


CAPTURE OF BATOCHÉ
AND OTHER POEMS

BY JAMES R. WYLIE.



yours truly
James B. Wylie

Capture of Batoche

and

Other Poems

By

James R. Wylie.

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada in the
year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine by James R.
Wylie in the office of the Minister of Agriculture in Ottawa, Can-
ada.

1899.

*TIMES BOOK AND JOB ROOMS,
COHOCTON, N. Y.*

Dedication.

To Lieutenant Col. James Mason :

The officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers, the survivors of the Northwest Expeditionary Force, and in memory of those who died for Queen and home, whose first thought was others, their last themselves, and whose loyalty is now a matter of history. This is dedicated as a tribute of affectionate regard, by an ex-member of the Old Tenth Royals and a member of Service Co., No. 3, Royal Grenadiers.

JAMES R. WYLIE.



Introduction.

HASKINVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1899.

In the preparation of this little book I have had but one thought in mind, and that is but to add my brand to the fire of loyalty that burned in '85; a spirit of loyalty to home and country. In looking back over the years since first associated with the Grenadiers and Old Tenth Royals, pleasant memories come to me, and ever it has been my wish that prosperity be theirs.

"The Capture of Batoche" is written from the view of a "Gren." and to tell of their part in the campaign, no purpose of undervaluing the other corps, but to keep the noble fellows whose deeds need no epic, and whose memory shall be green when laurel wreaths shall have passed from sight.

I cannot add to their honor. I can only be glad to have taken part with them, (however humbly), in the campaign, and to have shared in the suffering and glory of the conflict. It is not as a great work I present this, not the acme of fitness to the theme, but I trust it shall have the merit of loyalty without which greatness is a failure and words a sham.

Hoping it may receive your indulgence and motive be considered in the criticism, I subscribe myself your comrade,

J. R. W.

Our Fair Canadian Home.

Land of Lake and Wood and River,
Land of Maple and of Pine;
To thy sons there can be never,
Such another land as thine.

Where the northern lights are shining,
And the winter skies are clear,
And the merry sleigh bells ringing
In the home of Moose and Deer.

Where the hunter finds his paradise,
And the freeman finds his own,
Where the summer sun is brightest
In our fair Canadian home.

Thou wert born to shelter freemen;
For thy birthday was of God;
And thy heritage was given
Us for peace and not the sword.

Fair thy fertile hills and valleys,
Reaching on from sea to sea,
And the weary of the nations
Look with eager eyes to thee.

Thine no tale of witch or auction,
No tyrant with his rod;
But liberty of conscience,
And the right to worship God.

With the Red Cross banner o'er thee,
O thou gem of Empire free;

Northern star, whose steady lustre
Binds thy true son's heart to thee.

Like the heart of child to mother,
Or the Christian to his God.
So we can but say we love thee,
Love thy hills and leafy wood.

Love thee, home of peace and plenty,
Love thee home land of the free;
God protect and ever bless thee
This our prayer shall rise for thee.

I Do Not Know the Way.

I do not know the way
My Father, lead me on,
Oh keep me every day,
That I may lean upon
Thy breast.

So may I find that peace
In ever trusting thee,
That over self gives victory,
And rest.

The Capture of Batoche.

Far away toward the westward,
 Stretched the green covered prairie.
Like a canvass, facing Heavenward
 For the painting of God's pictures.

More fair than else the eye can see,
 Are the views of God's designing;
And man feasts upon their beauty
 To the earth such pleasure bringing.

There the mighty river flowing
 Like a thing of life in motion
Dancing onward, going, going,
 Rushing on to meet the ocean.

Here spring flowers in rich profusion,
 At our feet, all round us, grand
In clustered beauty; bits of color
 The artist gave with lavish hand.

Fair this picture in the sunlight,
 Vaster than our human measure;
With its lines of gold in setting
 Like a blessing everywhere.

But the fairest day is blighted,
 When the night clouds gather low,
And the summer flower lost sight of,
 Neath its covering of snow.

And the river stops its rushing
 In the frost king's icy clasp;
While the sweet voiced life of summer,
 Is a memory of the past.

There are whispered notes of sorrow
That we fain would chase away,
But they come again to-morrow;
If we listen not to day.

Like an echo from the prairie,
Comes the sound of savage tread,
And the spotless white of winter,
Forms a mantle for the dead.

Hushed in slumber lay the city.
In the midnight stillness sleeping,
Not a dream that told of duty;
Nor the harsh and direful waking.

Nor of words, and tears that mingle,
And would call them from their own,
News that caused their ears to tingle,
And would break the quiet of home.

Rebel horde's on western prairie,
Indians raised the traitor hand;
Murder followed where they travelled,
Wives were widows in our land.

God of mercy! hear their pleadings,
Let not prayers arise in vain;
Oh send help from those behind us!
To this far off western plain.

Flash'd the wire its wailful message,
Flash'd the sun on glittering steel;
A city's pride, in earnest courage
A Nation's strength doth now reveal.

Our country's call is quickly heeded,

The patriot hears but to obey:

See—they stand, the men now needed;

"Ready aye"—to march to-day.

Gleamed the sabre in the sunlight,

Gleamed the bayonets glittering line,
Fair the flag that waves above them,

Bright the hopes that round them shine.

No craven heart is found there beating,

No traitor soul finds shelter there:

The free, the brave the word are waiting:

The battle's dangerous lot to share.

Forward, men the march is westward,

O'er the North Lake's frozen bed:

On to where those widowed women

Mourn alone their cherished dead.

On to where the ambushed traitor

Lies in wait to seek his prey,

On to where the freeman's brother

Pines in prison pen to-day.

O'er snow and ice, through cold and sleet,

Neath winter sun, the march is laid,

With frost bit limbs, yet courage meet:

God—of what stuff those men are made.

Forward, still no laggard halting,

But on, o'er hill, and wooded plain:

Grasp firmly now the trusty weapon:

Vengeance for that purple stain.

Midnight hours of wakeful watching,
Guards who did their duty well;
Picket shot, that calls from slumber
For Indian spy, or, savage yell.

Forward! quickly; ah that's music!
List! the Rifle peal is heard;
The cannons boom, the groans of dying;
Victory! The hero's own reward.

Fish Creek's a name, the Battle yours,
A well earned fame, the honor ours. *
Rest not on laurels, all is not won,
Press on your vantage, drive them home.

Just before you is still the foeman
Hidden in his treacherous lair;
But you know him, dare to meet him!
Strike men, sure! for victory there.

* The Ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles with C. Co. Infantry, A. Battery and Division horse, were with Gen. Middleton and engaged the enemy. The Grenadiers, Winnipeg Field Battery and Bolton's Scouts, were on the far side of the river Sas Katchewan. The Grenadiers had honorable mention for their behaviour and speed in getting across the stream against a heavy current with an old scow, operated by improvised oars and a cable, while huge blocks of ice lined either bank of the river. While the battle was practically over, yet, the effort showed the spirit of the men.

All day and night the fight is pressing,
Still slacks not when another's fled,
A third is passing, yet we're hearing
The wounded groan, the word, he's dead.

As forth dawn breaks comes the command.
The Grenadiers shall lead the fight,
The field's before you, hand to hand
Let men engage; God bless the right.

A cheer made answer, brave and true
Those hero hearts all waiting there;
But some, whose voice was heard at morn
At night were silent there.

A cheer, a charge, the bluff is taken!
Lead like hail is whizzing round,
The church, the house, the pits are taken;
While death has here his camping ground.

Charge men! brave Grassett is leading;
Straubenzie bold is in the van,
Charge! nor death nor danger heeding,
Strike where foe shall make a stand.

Charge Grenadiers! strike swift and surely,
"We shall gain the field to-day," *
On—rebel hosts cannot withstand you
God and right shall lead the way.

* From Straubenzie's address to the Grenadiers before the charge. The last words spoken by Lieut. W. C. Fitch of No. 3. Service Co., spoken to the writer not more than five minutes before he was shot.

Rush that line of brave men forward ;
Sweep they o'er the death strewn plain ;
Not a falter, onward—onward,
Till the foe's last line they gain.

This is fighting, one has said,
'Tis what we came for, Fitch replied,
He spoke no more, his day was gone,
While leading us our hero died.

Forward, men avenge your leader !
Save those whom you came to free ;
Still your country is the pleader !
Strike, for death or victory.

Thank God, Batoche, Batoche is fallen !
See—the rebels routed fly !
Britain's sons again are victors,
And our flag still waves on high.

Bear it proudly you have won it,
Batoche, upon your standard's fold *
Battle's stern decree has tried you
And by deeds your worth is told.

* On June 1st, 1888, authority was received from Ottawa to the Royal Grenadiers to have the word Batoche placed upon the Regimental standard in honor of their deeds on the 12th of May, 1885.

Only a Fair Pretty Island.

Only a spot on the ocean,
 But, there's a charm in the name.
 The tramp of armies in motion,
 Whose valor guard England's fame.

Where the Red Cross banner is waving,
 It tells of an Empire free,
 An ensign of worth and beauty,
 Triumphant on land, on sea.

Though but a fair pretty Island,
 As true as her "Rock bound coast."
 Are the heroes who with strong hand
 Have driven an alien host.

Britannia pride of the ocean!
 God keep the land of the free.
 Be stainless the flag of our Nation,
 Thou Island gem of the sea.

Thanksgiving.

Wide as thy vast creation, Lord,
 Thy blessings fall on every hand,
 Unnumbered both indeed, and word
 For our Thanksgiving.

The summer's harvest fill our barns
With fruitage grand from field and tree;
Thy love so great for every man,
Calls for Thanksgiving.

How great thy many mercies are!
How weak our puny life appears;
How much for all thy love and care,
We owe Thanksgiving.

Oh help us Lord in glad content
To take whate'er in life shall come,
And find in what thou dost prevent,
Cause for Thanksgiving.

Oh may we not forget thy power,
Nor, prosperous, forget thy law,
Nor think to much of self this hour
Of glad Thanksgiving.

But humbly yield ourselves to thee,
A favored people, glad to know
Ourselves a nation great and free
For this Thanksgiving.

And when thy blessings crown the board,
With festive joys so rich and free,
To brothers in their poverty,
Let us be giving.

So shall our prayers accepted be,
The Christ, our worship own, in Heaven,
Who said, "Ye did it unto me,"
This our Thanksgiving.

The Heart of the Rose.

I watched the crimson rose bud bloom,
 At early morn its dew wet leaves
 Ope'd wide to meet the morning sun,
 And for this warmth it beauty gives.

Tears which gathered on petals fair
 From nightly vigils, were wiped away
 As on its cheek the soft balmy air
 Touched gently, with the kiss of day.

And then the rose smiled back at him,
 A smile of love, of truest love;
 And blushed the deeper, as within
 It felt his presence its heart move.

In warmth, and light it ripened fast,
 The tender bud was fully grown;
 The morning, and noon were gone and past.
 I reached to make the rose my own.

I plucked it, held it in my hand;
 Pressed the fair flower to my heart;
 And felt the subtle thrill of love,
 That caused the quickened pulse to start.

And lo! it has sweet aroma sent;
 This flower fair that lovers choose;
 Like true love's fragrance, life to bless,
 It came from the heart of the rose.

Beneath the Stars.

None shall weep when I go forth,
 Nor smile when I return.
 Lay of Virginius.

I stand alone beneath the stars,
 And think of all the coming years,
 And dream, and dream of those afar,
 Of the last parting, and the tears.

And locked within my bosom's core
 Are faces dear to memory now,
 And voices I shall hear no more,
 Speak in loving words, and low.

But oh so empty of response,
 This shadow land in which I move;
 This echo of the living once,
 Can only answering echo give.

I reach across the passing years
 And stand beneath the mistletoe
 And through the misty cloud of tears
 They're seen again who loved me so.

But one by one they've gone away,
 The old shows no welcome smile,
 Return no song can give to me
 My good bye can no tears beguile.

Around me is the cold white snow,
 Above, the star lit dome of God;
 The grave stones tell of those I knew.
 The many sleep beneath the sod.

My heart beats faster as I think
 How swift the years are passing by,
 How soon we fade, and sink, and sink.
 Beyond recall to be, and die.

The old home fadeth with the dream,
 I call for boyhood days in vain;
 Across the years of what has been,
 I cannot call them back again.

And so I stand beneath the stars,
 And lo! adown the coming years:
 There shines the light of home, afar,
 Where we shall see no graves--no tears.

The Ride of the Troopers.

Over the Prairie.
 Out from Fort Edmonton,
 Crossing the desert,
 On toward the foe.
 Where Dicken's defense was made,
 Straight to Fort Pitt they go;
 Beleagured by Rebels,
 Dead, who may know?

Faster the horses go,
Faster—they seem to fly!
Bearing their riders on,
Riding to death.
No one may tell of them,
Troopers of noble mein,
Doing their duty,
Yielding their life.

See, the Stockade is closed!
Foemen are round it;
Brave those defenders
Waiting to die.
Now, for the gates they come!
Horses and riders come!
Facing a savage foe;
Coming to die.

There are but two of them,
Two 'gainst a hundred;
Never once halting, they
Fear not to die.
Crash! hear the lead hail fly;
Quickly they make reply,
Fallen are both of them;
Fallen to die.

Wounded, a noble soul
Seeks but a shelter;
Under the bushes
To peacefully lie.

Tracked by his blood to lair,
 Drawn from his covert there;
 Tortured so cruelly;
 Then left to die.

Bury them tenderly,
 Drop a tear kindly;
 Loyaly fought they,
 Nobly they fell.
 By the Saskatchewan,
 Prairie flowers bloom for them;
 God's choir sings for them,
 Sleeping alone.

Calm be thy resting,
 God be thy guardian,
 Thy country mourns thee,
 In grave alone.
 Some mother's darlings,
 Somewhere there's weeping;
 The heroes are honored,
 Sleeping alone.

A Prayer.

Oh thou who all our hearts can see
 And all our deepest sorrows feel
 Who calleth all from sin to thee
 And on our lingering waitheth still.

While shadows lie across our path,
 And troubled tears bedim our eyes.
 Now, let thy mercy, not thy wrath
 Gleam from thy throne o'er all life's skies.

Now while we in contrition bow,
 Bending at the Messiah's feet,
 Accept *His* sacrifice, our vow
 And make us for his kingdom meet.

A Noble Thought.

"Noble thoughts are messengers going out
 from the heart of the thinker, to return
 laden with blessing."—Anon.

"Real action is in moments of silence."—
 Emerson.

A noble thought
 Came from my heart,
 Went out, speeding
 On its way.

When lo! returning
 Back it brought me,
 What I needed.
 Yesterday.

So I welcomed
 Home the traveller
 From his journey,
 To my cot.

Feeling richer,
 For the sending
 And returning
 Of the thought.

Somewhere.

J. R. WYLIE.

Yes, somewhere, on in the journey.
 God knoweth the when and where,
 In the path that now seems dreary,
 Shall be found the sunlight fair.
 In the all things of the present,
 In the trials so hard to bear;
 In the days that seem unpleasant,
 Is the good we'll meet somewhere.

O somewhere we shall wake to know —
 Hearts that have waited alone —
 Know in that waking longed for so,
 That joy, life's crown has come.
 Not a day but carries us nearer,
 Not a task we do, or dare for,
 For the right, but makes it clearer
 That triumph is ours somewhere.

Somewhere near us may lie waiting.
 A noble work, to be done
 By us, while we sit chafing
 O'er things that have come and gone.
 Then cheerily meet the love light,
 Fill life with thoughts true and fair.
 And work while waiting the sunlight
 Of the joy we'll meet somewhere.

Noblesse Reflecto.

“The tuneful heart is bid to sing
 The oak must reign the forest King.”—
 Charlotta Perry.

Yes life has a glorious anthem,
 Full often we fail to sing,
 For low will be the compass
 If we play on a broken string,
 The mind may be looking upward,
 But dwarfed the oak may be
 And the forest’s King be weakly
 To all the rest but thee;
 Yet thy kindly smile and welcome
 Fall like sunshine on the soul
 Nerving to greater effort
 To reach ambitions goal,
 For truth is the star of night time
 And love the noon day sun,
 And life is ever the stronger
 When two hearts beat as one.

Reflection.

I sat alone with my memories.
 By the shore of life’s boundless sea.
 The breeze o’er its bosom swiftly,
 Brought thoughts of the past to me.

Sad thoughts of the days unforgotten,
And friends of a bygone time;
The years I have vainly sought them.
Since they left this world of mine.

This vale of shade and sunshine,
With its song of joy and pain,
Where the greater note with the minor
Completes life's rhythm strain.

And saddest note, yet sweetest,
Of all that come to me—
Is, of the thing most longed for
As mine; yet it cannot be.

I sit and watch the wavelets
Break on the sand at my feet;
While, over the ocean softly,
Comes the song of a life complete.

As evening shadow's lengthen
When sunlight fades away,
Resting on ocean's bosom,
With a kiss from the dying day.

And night slowly drops her curtain,
Pins it to earth with a star;
To my soul like some holy music,
Come visions of things afar.

While the past is so inwoven
With the things that are to be;
That the seen is but the shadow;
The unseen real to me.

For, I know that the all Father
Is the all loving to—
And faith, and hope spring upward,
Glad this truth to know.

When, to the shade is guilded
With a picture fair to see;
Showing the thing most longed for,
As mine through eternity.

And I see the golden future
For shaping is given me;
And all the past to morrows,
Is the sum of what shall be.

So I pray the view be larger
Of the life that I may live;
And of men, my thought be kinder,
Thus a truer help to give.

For the Christ love gave its utmost
To raise His fellowmen;
Surely, what he has done for me,
I too can do for them.

The task may be hard and thankless,
 The path may be rough and long;
 But, the footprints of the Master
 Cheers the weary way with song.

Then, victory comes from conflict,
 Peace follows after strife;
 The narrow view of the human
 I lost in the larger life.

Scotland I Love Thee Well.

My native home, fair Scotia's land
 Home of the heather bell,
 A wanderer on many strands
 Scotland I love thee well.

Still doth my heart to thee return,
 Fond memory brings again
 Scenes that cause the heart to burn,
 And make it throb with pain.

A father's smile, a mother's prayer,
 A maid with heart so true,
 The thistle waving in the air
 Thy wee sweet bell so blue.

Thy babbling brooks, thy heather hills,
 In memory still I see,
 God bless thy son's in every clime,
 And give his smile to thee.

I cannot call them back again,
 Those days so dear to me;
 But memory holds each vision dear,
 My native land of thee.

Christmas Joy.

O sacred hills with glory crowned,
 Where shepherd nightly watched his flock,
 Thou Bethlehem, God himself hath owned
 Thy shelter'd caves of mountain rock.
 'Twas there the son of man was born,
 While sang the holy Angel choir
 The son of God to earth has come,
 See, God's own seal, yon glowing star.

O list the message of the song
 That girdle's earth with Heaven's love,
 Good will, good will to men belong;
 Good will below as that above.
 God makes his love o'er earth abound,
 Sends Christmas carols everywhere,
 So may our love to His respond,
 And gifts of peace with suffering share.

A New Year's Wish.

A guid new year I wish ye
 Ane wi little care
 But may it aye bring tae ye
 O guid a sonsie share
 Nae cankered load o sorrow
 Tae mar thy peace o mind
 But love attend ilk morrow
 And siccar be ilk friend
 Auld time he canna skaith thee
 Gin worth be ony shield
 Sae let ma giftic speak me
 Respeck I truly feel.

The Grave of Yesterday.

Buried lie the flowers of autumn,
 In their shroud of winter snow,
 Hidden is the future blossom,
 As the seasons come and go.

And we see them not, those flowers,
 They are gone from us we say :
 While the fairest plants lie hidden
 In the grave of yesterday.

Not the hidden, but the living
Fruit and flower we wish to see;
But the hidden is the living,
There the bloom that is to be.

Evening shade, and morning sunshine,
Dew, and rain o'er all thy way:
Then, the blossom of the springtime
From the grave of yesterday.

To Annie.

The darkness of night has settled upon me,
My thoughts have sped homeward across the
wide sea,
In fancy I see the fair form I loved dearly.
Fair Annie, my Annie, I'm thinking of thee.

How swift passed the hours as we wandered
together,
While the clear silvery moon lit the path by
the stream,
And we gathered the blue bells, or sweet
scented heather,
Reveling fondly in love's pleasant dream.

We met and we parted by Berry's clear
waters,
While birds sang aaound us on every green
tree,
We parted the ocean is rolling between us,
But my love is true to Scotland and thee.

We parted to meet, then, our love to renew,
But alas for the promise, we'll ne'er meet
again;
My Annie has gone! in the grave thou art
sleeping,
And I'm left alone in my sorrow and pain.

Oh sad was the parting, and deeper the
longing,
That fills my poor heart since parting from
thee;
But Heaven is richer, and sure it is nearer,
Since there in thy love thou art waiting for
me.

Recognition.

O sad the heart that you found alone
With hope and spirit broken
With the days then past all love had gone
And left but tears as a token.
But your soul beamed from your eyes that day
O then and there I knew you
And gladly my heart owned your sway
That instant dear I loved you.

I knew you, then was I to blame
 When you called that I came bringing
 All that my heart longed to give
 And you set love's song singing
 I loved you then in a moment's space,
 While yet no word was spoken,
 Now true love's word and your dear face
 I bear in my heart as a token.

J. R. WYLIE.

I Need You.

Weary at heart with waiting
 In the hours that pass for thee,
 My love knows no abating,
 There's no release for me.

I call, but you do not answer;
 I watch, but you do not come,
 I hear not but the echo
 Of my voice, as I wait alone.

My darling how I need you;
 You may not understand
 The deep and burning longing,
 For the touch of your loving hand.

For the whispered word of comfort,
 Of love tones sweet and low,
 That is earth's richest treasure;
 My darling, I need you so.

Only the heart can tell.

Only a withered flower,
 As down from her hand it fell,
 I stooped and gathered it to me,
 And felt a strange new spell.

Only a faded blossom,
 From a hand most fair it fell,
 And how it held me pinioned,
 Only the heart can tell.

Only a whispered promise,
 And the world was changed to me.
 The withered flower was blooming,
 With the thought of what shall be.
 Only a smile in the passing,
 A word from her lips that fell,
 How love and hope went chasing,
 Only the heart can tell.

Dame Gossip.

One day Dame Gossip's travel
 Brought her to a neighbor's door;
 And she stopt just to unravel
 A little yarn, she'd heard before.

Of a certain person, living
 Not a mile away from here;
 But, of course, it was a secret,
 Not another one should hear.

Well, it must have been the winds
For it travelled far and fast;
And nothing left behind,
But, grew as it paused or passed.

Until too big to be carried,
It just laid down and rolled,
When Dame Gossip realy worried,
Said, that yarn I never told.

She didn't mean to harm a soul,
By any word she said,
She's just as harmless as a saint
Would be, if they were dead.

It's the other fellow's failures,
That she ever would expose;
Her own, well that is different,
She wants charity for those.

It is easier to give advice,
Than it ever was to take it;
But then, you know it's very wise
To philosophize about it

'Tis not what neighbor Smith has done
Can stop our true advancement;
But the good or ill by us that's come,
Shall meet us at the judgment.

Clear down beneath the seeming
Lies the true life of the man;
Oh why not now quit dreaming
And for right and truth now stand.

What ever we think most about
In our live's shall find expression;
For character is only thought
Just crystalized in action.

The Christ Life.

Close to the heart of the world in its sorrow,
Came Christ in his tenderness down,
Over its fields for the growth of the morrow,
He has seeds of sympathy sown.
The plant has grown like a tree by the river,
Has shelter for you and for me,
Its leaves and fruit are for healing, and power
Life giving, true, perfect and free.

To My Mother.

Scenes of childhood flit before me,
 Days that are passed so long ago;
 Home of early life I love thee,
 Though afar from thee I rove.
 Not of grandeur am I dreaming,
 Save what nature gave to thee;
 Beauteous hills, and heath clad mountains,
 Scotland, home of brave and free.

Again I gambol on the hillside,
 Free from sorrow, care, and pain
 Now through ruined cave and castle
 Romp with merry heart again.
 Methinks I hear the school bell ringing
 With the same familiar tone,
 That we heard when life was singing;
 And, it knew not care, nor moan.

Oh the dear familiar faces,
 That I loved so well to see;
 As they filled their old time places,
 Dear in memory still to me.
 And the Master, how we loved him,
 He was gentle, kind and true,
 Faithfully he labored with us;
 Bringing hidden things to view.

Reverently he ope's the Bible,
 That holy book that points to right,
 That Book, the "source of Britain's greatness."
 It shows the way, the truth, the light.
 The lesson read, he bows in prayer,
 In holy invocation now
 For aid in labor, and in leading
 Youthful energies to grow.

Again we're free now homeward hieing,
 Childhood's home, we loved it well
 Where the mother love was waiting
 For the childish tale we'd tell.
 Where the father's voice in welcome
 Joined the brother's cheery song;
 And the sister's soft caressing
 Scattered gladness all day long.

Ah my heart, 'tis but a vision,
 Dream of days so long ago;
 Death has robbed us of our fairest,
 Left us but the shadow now.
 Oh my mother, if the loved ones
 Gone from us cannot return,
 Yet, the path of life leads to them,
 Why, then need we sadly mourn.

Though afar I may be roving
 Yet fair the land I call my home
 Coila of thee I'm ever singing
 To thee may choicest blessings come.

'Twas there my mither ga'ed me bein,
 'Twas there I learned tae love sae weel,
 That land, the home of worth and darin
 The land tae which a craven's kneel.

Fond memory brings her hills before me.
 Her mountains, rivers, glens and braes;
 'Twas there among the bloomin heather
 I spent my happy boyhood days
 I heard there first the mavis singing,
 The note of Laverocks lood and lang
 'Twas there the thrush sae sweet sae bonnie
 Cheer'd me wi her lovely sang.

There first I gaed tae poo the gowans
 Alang the road on ilka side .
 As doon through Bulwood, oaks and rowans
 I watched the Atlantic's flowin tide
 The all gray Kirk on yonner brae side
 Whare godly coonsel aft was gein
 Whan thinkin o't the mist maist hide
 A things frae my tear filled e'en.

Hoo aft we've gaen my faither leadin
 Frae hoose tae Kirk frae Kirk tae hame
 How proud he sat amang his bairnies
 But o syne then we gang alane
 Sae I wait me for the gloamin
 For the ca'in o my name
 Whan the licht sa'll chase the shadow
 And we'll a be gather't hame.

Love Much.

Love much there's bitterness enough
 The world is groaning in its hate and strife
 Its struggles hard in conflict, yet underneath
 Its coldness asks for life, and love is life.

The larger message seeks the larger man
 Not bound by forms, nor held in narrow
 bounds
 Who, in the larger realm with God shall stand
 A sun crowned singer of love's sweeter
 sounds.

Love much, the Christ is larger than our creed
 And men need seeking for to win
 God hears the world prayer, and tells back
 its need
 Is to be loved, and saved from hate and sin.

Love much, the cold world needs
 Love's fire, to warm its chilled affections by,
 Oh that the world could understand
 The power of love to beautify.

Love much, so many things we may not know
 So much of mystery in life is found,
 We only know God's love and care
 Shall meet us at life's utmost bound.

And this must solve our doubts,
 And keep us, both in storm and calm,
 That God who cares, and knows it all
 Shall give what's best, love's peaceful balm.

God's law is love, and this must conquer sin
 God's love is law, this binds our hearts to
 Him,
 Love much, this boon to mortals given
 To know, to love, and love is Heaven.

Wait a Minit Papa.

Pease des' wait a minit papa,
 Ise tumin to oo I is,
 I want oo for to help me,
 Des to help me fix up dis.

Been tryin all dis mornin,
 To see what I tould do
 Wif my dollie, see, it's broken,
 Ise brought her to oo.

Taus I know oo tan fix it.
 And I want my dollie so,
 Pease papa, wont oo do it,
 I'll be so good oo know.

I turned to the voice so pleading,
Glad to know that I could do
The thing my child had asked me;
"It's broken, I'se tum to oo."

Then, taking my darling's trouble
And herself into my care,
She nestled as if I was able
To shield her from trial there.

And I took the broken plaything
To fix, while I inly smiled
And the love, and kind carressing,
And faith of my little child.

And I thought of life's great burden,
Of its ofttime broken vow,
And of effort vain to mend them.
That mornings of failure show.

Then I thought of the loving Father
Watching the sons of men,
Waiting to hear but the whisper
From the heart, to turn again.

And into his arms to gather
Us, and our troubles too;
So I prayed, when things seem broken
O God, let me come to you.

In Camp the Night Before the Battle.

It was a summer evening, a clear sky, and overhead,
Green fields beneath the gently sloping hill,
Stretched far down into the valley,
Away in the distance could be seen
The rows of tents that told why this
Site was chosen, and long lines of guards were
seen.
For months an effort was made to bring the
armies together,
Skirmishes, and short sharp conflicts,
Those tell tale advance guards of the great
conflict, had been frequent,
And the issue was waited anxiously.
It was the night before the battle,
The great army has been gathering for the
struggle,
Hopes rose high as the mighty host was being
marshalled,
A large array of tents were pitched,
And there—told off in streets,
And squares like a city of fair proportions lay
the camp.
The evening showed the coming of the night,
The sun sinking until almost hid beneath the
horizon,
Sent lines of gold to mingle in softened glory
With the green of nature and the white of the
camp tents.

Beautiful the picture, enchanting to the
artist's soul,
And blending with the mingled colors,
Part of the majestic scene, were the hundreds
of moving soldiers,
Who waited the fateful morrow with anxious
hearts.
Slowly the night closed in, and as the
shadows lengthened,
The whispering groups at the tent doors
became more quiet,
Their conversation more tinged with sadness,
As memories of home, and thoughts of the
morrow mingled.
The moon has arisen,
She has started on her journey across the star
decked plain;
While fleecy clouds hides at times her bright-
ness,
Yet, her light reveals activity.
Suddenly the tents are struck!
Quiet, as in the room of death move those
stern faced men,
Like a great machine, whose motions may be
controlled by the hand or word of a
child.
The fires are out, gradually the moving
ceased—
And the quietness became such as might be
felt when moments pass from out the
keeping of men,
And the very breathing that goes with them
is holy with prayer.

The steady tread of the guard, and their "alls
well" tell the passing hour like a clock,
Tired forms stretched upon the grassy plain
are in sleep.

Morpheus never had in his keeping a camp
more loved,

Nor any who needed his tender wooings more.
While the sullen boom of some far off gun,
Tells of wakeful vigilance or the spiteful ping
of the small leaden messenger speaks of
the too near approach of some intruder, they
hear them not;

Those sleepers secure in the keeping of their
trusty guards,

And of God whose mercy has been sought,
and whose sleepless vigilance is every-
where, they rest.

Let them sleep, those heroes of a hundred
fields—there they lie—covered with a
soldier's robe—

The gold studded azure of God's beautiful
canopy—beating under their faded
coats are true men's hearts—

Grasped in their hands are the weapons
through which on the morrow

Shall speak the avenging souls of patriots in
the defense of right.

Step softly, let them sleep—

For when the gray day shall rise above the
eastern line,

And whispered noises shall increase in
volume,

And bugle peal shall rouse those slumbering
lines,

For them, oh so many of them—it will be the
reville of death.

My Soul Wait On.

So far from me is hope
 In full fruition borne,
 That I in darkness grope,
 While hope, and love seem gone.
 Wait on with patience still,
 That which thou longest for
 With hungering unsatisfied,
 Must come, wait on.

A little while, so swiftly fly
 The days that darkly intervene,
 A little while, and cloudlessly
 Thy light shall come.
 Wait on, a little while,
 For sure must be the dawn;
 Let hope the night beguile,
 My soul, wait on.

What brook's it of the toil
 That fill thy years, or pain?
 The burden's thine erstwhile
 Brings thy eternal gain.
 Lift up thy voice and sing,
 Deliverance shall come;
 God's own fair day is thine,
 My soul, wait on.

To A—
Remember Thee.

What must you ask this love of me?
 Or can my heart thy quest deny,
 When all around me speaks of thee;
 To lose thy presence, is to die.

In secret chamber of the soul,
 Where, cherished all that is most dear,
 And friendship's truest life enfold;
 I look, and find that thou art there.

To call thee friend, to know thee such,
 As thou has proved thyself to be;
 O surely, I forgetful wretch,
 Shall curse myself, forgetting thee.

Thy words have cheered the fainting heart;
 In sorrow I have turned to thee;
 You, balm to wounded life impart,
 Nay, let me ask, remember me.

When friendship's sacred plight is given,
 And soul with soul stood face to face;
 The bond shall live, on earth, in heaven,
 For memory lives in every place.

I ask not to be rich, nor great,
 But just to bless all human kind;
 And then, through life whatever state,
 Know friendship's bond, as true as thine.

Who is My Neighbor? Bible.

My neighbor, a stranger passed me by,
 And went on his careless way,
 Heedless of all that come to him,
 (I prayed for some work that day.)

I saw him stand near a dangerous place,
 Ah well I knew he'd fall;
 But, I crossed not over the little space.
 It wasn't my work at all.

I prayed some hand stay the death
 That I knew must surely come;
 But, for nobler words I'd save my breath,
 A grander work to be done.

A soul went down in a whirl of sin,
 And sank with a wail of despair;
 I might have saved him, awful crime!
 My joy it perished there.

Oh help me God; be it never said
 That again I let one pass by,
 Back from sin they may be led,
 Though I fail, I'll surely try.

The Dying Drunkard.

I see the gleaming stars above,
 I mark the snow white path beneath,
 And feel the chill approach of death.

The winter of my life has come;
 And lengthened days have shorter grown,
 I sink all weary and alone.

The loves, the joyes of other days,
 The hopes I cherished from me borne
 With wife and children perished, gone.

The lurking serpent in the cup
 Stung life's fairest hopes to death;
 Left me the poison of its breath.

My nerveless hand falls helplessly,
 My homeless wanderings almost o'er;
 O soon, the drunkard is no more.

A drunkard dying all alone,
 The sky above, the snow beneath,
 For couch and robe, come welcome death.

The grave shall wrap the souless clay,
 When I to meet the judge have gone,
 God pity me, for men have none.

Angels weep, their pitying tears
 Fall gently where none else shall weep.
 They'll watch where none the bivouac keep.

Missed.

A prominent man in low town
 Died just the other day;
 Of note in circles low down,
 He is missed, now he's away.

We miss the shambling stagger.
 The rag clothed form of the man,
 And miss the sound of the swagger,
 From the place he used to stand.

He's missed in the low down palace,
 In the haunts of vice and shame,
 Where they drink from death chalice
 He's nothing now, but a name.

But, pray you, what has killed him?
 Was't a cold or fever of brain,
 Rheumatism or heart disease called him?
 Sick! How long had he lain.

Died drunk, aye, that's the record.
 One more on the long, long roll
 Of those who in drunken stagger,
 Fall, and are crushed to the wall.

He went from a mother's heart wish
Through the gilded gates of hell,
Of the prayers, and groans, and anguish,
Who—Oh—who can tell.

He entered the "Drunkard's Heaven,"
By citizen vote made strong,
He passed the holy church door,
And walked in the paths of wrong.

He'll be missed in the brawls of bar-rooms,
Missed in the drunkard's home,
And, missed in the courts of heaven,
Where drunkards never come.

But what of the law that killed him,
The license the drink to sell,
The ballot that might have saved him?
And closed the path to hell.

List, the drunkards ask for mercy!
Hark, the children cry for bread!
And the mother's plead in sorrow,
For the father's worse than dead.

O brothers stay the progress
Of the fell destroyer's power,
And our land shall join the mother
And hail her Prohibition hour.

The Passing of the Year.

In solemn stately stepping
 The old year passes slow;
 To the land of glad forgetting,
 With its tale of pain or woe.

To the place of sadder parting,
 As the thrill is felt again
 Of the old, and joyous meeting;
 And the sound of a glad refrain.

A thought with a tender meaning,
 A word with a cruel sting,
 A look with love full teeming;
 All seem but a little thing.

But the littles, fill the year day
 With memories dark or dear;
 And we smile, or weep and pray
 With the passing of the year.

J. R. WYLIE.

Temple Building.

“No sound of hammer or ax or any tool of iron was heard thereon.”—Bible.

I saw a structure rising, 'twas tall, and
strong, and fair,
No sound of hammer striking, or of ax hew-
ing there;
No sign of wasted effort, for everything was
good,
In wonderful completeness the finished
temple stood.

Its lines were drawn in beauty, its towers
stood in air;
Its walls like polished marble shown, for
everything was fair,
Within, without, in perfect form, for made
to perfect mould,
The glorious building glittered in its burn-
ishing of gold.

The stone from out the mountain was quar-
ried long ago;
Fair Lebanon's forest gave the wood, of
pine, and cedar too,
The nines of Ophir yielded of their store
of precious gold,
To adorn the Holy Temple, God's dwelling
place of old.

The sons of men by labor, show the character of mind,
 And kings in heart united, fulfil God's great design.
 The perfect plan considered, received obedience meet.
 And lo! Divine approval, the love crowned mercy seat.

To far away Jerusalem, the Mecca of the soul,
 The Hebrew's Royal City, of their great hope the goal,
 When David reigned in grandeur, and Solomon his son,
 There came the Royal Teacher, the Christ, the holy one.

In words of holy pureness, He taught in Galilee,
 And on Judean mountains, in plain or by the sea,
 He spoke of holier temples, and of God's greater plan;
 In grander temple building, among the sons of men.

He told of Heaven's City, the dwelling place of God,
 The Jasper walls, the streets of gold by Angels trod,

Of the living stones He gathers from the
quarry, and the strife,
Of the Holy patient waiting, in the great
turmoil of life.

Sure, amid the noise and bustle, and the
quiet hours of life,
In the lonely hours of waiting, and amid
the din^{*} and strife,
Shall be felt the hammer striking, blow on
blow upon the soul,
And the sharp ax cutting deeply, bringing
agony untold.

In the quarry hills the chisel has a master-
hand to guide,
No blow can fall unbidden, whatever may
betide;
No life can fall as useless, from his hand
who holds the plan,
There's a place in God's great temple for the
heart life of the man.

Like the stone that's shaped and polished
and from imperfections free,
Shall be found the life perfected in the tem-
ple yet to be,
For the hand that holds the hammer is
moved by heart of love.
And all things must work to fit us for
Jerusalem above.

In the great heart of the Father there is
 love enough for all,
 Nor can we scape his notice who doth mark
 the sparrow's fall;
 And the task of temple building, day by
 day, and stone by stone,
 Is the work of the great Master, and well
 shall it be done.

So for Zion's holier temple, when shall dwell
 the greater King,
 He living stones from quarry, and from
 strife shall surely bring,
 To the place already fitted, freed from pain,
 and sin, and strife,
 To the quiet of the eternal, Heaven's peace-
 ful after life.

To be with Him.

Mother with tear filled eyes,
 Whose empty arms
 Long to embrace again
 That sleeping form;
 Earth's purest, holiest charms,
 Those we most prize
 We lose, and thrill of pain
 Life's after song;
 Is best, when through our tears
 We catch a gleam
 Of God's great love, and stop
 To know the child has passed
 To be with Him.

The Issue.

There's an issue great and mighty,
To be met and settled right,
There are wrongs that cry for vengeance,
Cry for justice day and night.

Asks for men who in the struggle
Of the Right against the Wrong;
Will God's armor on them buckle,
In this fight be true, be strong!

Leave those old and loved traditions;
Bid the past a stern good bye,
And advance to new positions;
This, will all your manhood try.

Long has Bacchus ruled, a tyrant,
Death has followed in its train;
Leaders to their trust proved recreant,
While men sold themselves for gain.

There are tears by man unheeded.
There are prayers by man unheard,
O'er the crimes by man committed.
O'er the heaps of slaughtered dead.

And this battle claims our manhood,
 Youthful energy, and blood,
 Fierce it rages! fight for virtue!
 In this conflict stand with God.

See! the hosts of truth are marching,
 While the hand of God beats time,
 And his right arm he is stretching
 For the punishment of crime.

Not a tear can fall unheeded;
 Not a prayer can rise unheard;
 And the wrongs by man committed
 Shall feel the keenness of his sword.

Rouse then, freeman! strike the shackles,
 From the rum fiend's helpless slave!
 Strike! who strikes in noble effort,
 May a friend or brother save.

Cursed Demon of intemperance!
 Foulest sin o'er all our land!
 Crush it with a freeman's vengeance,
 By that ballot in your hand.

God is looking, God is asking,
 That by truth you nobly stand;
 Strike then! victory waits the taking,
 For God, for home and native land.

A Grave Just Made for Baby.

One day on the farm in summer,
 I walked among the flowers,
 While the birds and babes in chorus;
 Filled with song the passing hours.

Through the meadow, past the orchard,
 Ran a clear and babbling stream,
 And its rippling joyous rushing,
 Joined the children's laugh and scream.

As the wee things gathered flowers;
 Or played at building wall,
 With an opening left, to run through,
 Called an arch, for one and all.

Glad and merry rang the laughter,
 O'er the meadow, through the trees;
 Rippling like the running water,
 In its childish grace and ease.

Then, my lonely way returning,
 Back to city's smoke and noise;
 But, the weary days were brighter
 In the light of childish joys.

On another day I wandered,
 O'er the meadow to the brook,
 But the children? or the laughter?
 'Tis in vain I list or look.

By the brook I stooped to gather
Flowers, that speak of childish play,
And I hear the sound of sobbing
Tears, instead of song to day.

Looking up I saw the reason
Of the sorrow in that group,
'Twas a grave, just made for baby,
Down beside the little brook.

Shall the lot be long and narrow?
Shall we fence it wide and long?
Mother, tell us what will please you
Now, since hushed is Bobb's song.

But the mother's heart seems breaking,
And the father's tears flow fast.
Yet the question was unanswered;
Till wee Willie spoke at last.

Papa, make it so big enough,
With a place for each you know.
Then, a wall with arches in it,
Bobby loved the arches so.

So 'twas made just as he told it,
With a place for each to lay,
And the arched wall plot is sacred,
When wee Bobby's laid away.

Fair Canada.

Fair Canada ! beloved home,
 Land of the brave and free,
 Where'er I rove, my heart in song,
 And prayer, shall rise for thee.

CHORUS.

Twine Maple leaf our emblem fair,
 In Empire shield together
 With Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock, there
 Our Maple leaf forever.

Thy loyal sons, the patriots song
 Shall learn with infant breath ;
 And, hoary hairs shall bless their home,
 Land of the Maple leaf.

CHORUS.

In Britain's Crown the fairest gem,
 Thy luster brighter growing ;
 On freedom's holy altar, fire
 Of freeman's love is glowing.

CHORUS.

O God of freedom bless our land ;
 Guide thou our Nation's life,
 Protect Great Britan's wide domain,
 And land of Maple leaf.

Church of the Living God Awake.

Church of the living God awake!

'Tis Christ thy Head who calleth thee;
Go forth! His message with thee take,
And promise, I shall with thee be.

From home of vice, from hall of sin,
Where shame and wrong go hand in hand:
There comes a call a soul to win,
Go, with thy message there to stand.

Go, tell the lost ones of his cross;
Go! tell the virtue of His blood.
Go, and count all else but loss,
Go with the sinless son of God.

The footsteps of thy Master see
Where'er a heart is pressed with woe;
He sought to help, to set them free
Thus doing good, go with Him go.

Let not the tempter hold thee back,
Oh say not to thy Leader nay;
But, haste thee, haste thee, do not slack!
They wait thy loving word to-day.

Go pluck the brand from out the fire,
Go gather jewels fair to see,
Let labor fill thy life's hour
Christ thy reward shall give to thee.

The Death of Captain French.

The morning dawned in beauty
Upon the western plain,
And the soldiers, to their duty
And strife were called again.

And one from the earthworks springing
Led o'er the open field;
To where the foe lay hiding,
He knew not how to yield.

Like a call from a bugle sounding,
His voice rose high and clear,
Forward! and leaping, bounding,
The scouts went with a cheer.

Over the plain, through the timber,
Like a Nemesis he led;
While the traitor fled before him,
Or the stricken foe lay dead.

To the house of the rebel chieftain
We with our leader came,
There, seeking the lurking traitor
We searched the storied frame.

To the heart of the patriot soldier,
 The treacherous ball has sped;
 With "Remember boys I led you"
 The gallant French was dead.

A Nation's tears are his tribute,
 Our moan his requiem song;
 And a comrade's heart is heavy
 As we think of the hero, gone.

Sitting Alone.

Sitting alone in the gloaming shadows,
 Living the days that are past again;
 Folding the life of past to-morrows,
 Close to the heart, in their joy and pain.

A heart in pain and a heart in sorrow,
 Two that love, and the hearts low moan,
 Longing now for the hope of the morrow,
 Waiting, praying, sitting alone.

Tear filled eyes at a far off picture,
 Look with a love light in their gaze.
 At sunlit hours, in the hope bright future.
 Fair and peaceful as summer days.

Sitting alone a true heart yearning
 Feels the thrill of the days by gone;
 Back to the bliss of those moments turning,
 Love's light burns true, though sitting alone.

Home.

Whether amid the Alpine snows, beneath the tropic sun; in the desert, on the mountain, or in the sheltered vale, in palace or in cottage, it is home. Around this word and spot cluster life's holiest scene's. Thoughts like gems are precious when pure, and surely thoughts of home, and all that it recalls, are pure. To the weary wanderer it is a welcome memory, as he sighs for home, and mother; it comes to him in the still silence of his watchings, and he cries out like a tired child weary of its play. And dreams again of the home and its old time gatherings.

Oh for a bit of mothering!
 From the work-day world apart,
 Oh for the old-time love song,
 Mother; I kiss thee in my heart.

Home at Christmas, how it brings to mind the eager listening for the footsteps of "Santa Claus." The laugh, the boast, the glad look in the eyes of friends, who in love ministered to childish expectation. That which gave pleasure to the child, still gives joy. Christmas never fails of its message, or its memories, joyous, or sad, and the blending lends a charm, and in the softened

light of life's mystery, or in the peaceful light of home, and its blessings, we are glad after all, that where we cannot trace the footsteps of the Infinite, *we can trust His love.*

Christmas is peculiarly a home day, the day in which childhood received its holiest benediction, for it was sanctified in the Incarnation, and the world was gladdened in the change that came.

No Christ, we could have had no Christmas; but both are here, and man becomes a child again, and thinks of home.

The circle partakes of its old-time love and joy.

The mother sees again the romping children in the grown babies that crown her life with peace. One may not be there, the face not seen, the chair may be empty, but we remember.

The erstwhile wanderer who at home in boyhood days, so blythe and free, with noisesome frolic, or with cheery song, made welkin ring, with sportive glee; or, as the years flew past on lightning wings, and, he maturing, seeks the manly part. Still keeps light heart, and bravely sings, and now, as then, the pride of mother's heart.

And so our view of life become larger,

and the great human brotherhood a mightier truth, and we pray that Christmas cheer may come to all, and home life receive its highest bliss in remembering, that the Father calls to us to receive His greatest gift, the Christ child into our life, and wait the great gathering—the Christmas at Home.

A Flower is Life.

"All the goodliness thereof is as a flower of the field."—Bible.

When life like the day in declining,
Its shadows throws over my way,
May peace, through its golden lines shining
At even, show dawn of the day.

I've gathered the blossoms of pleasure,
Flowers that grew at my feet
For the picking, in comforting measure
While gathering made life sweet.

But the blossom paled as I held it.
Withered it dropped from my hand;
Its beauty, I cannot forget it,
So pure, so perfect, and grand.

A flower is life the world's garden
 Has many, beautiful, rare,
 Perishing e'en most as we want them.
 Seek them, and lo! they're not there.

But, the spot we watched them growing
 So hallowed, cherished and fair;
 For the seed in its beautiful showing,
 Again in the flower shall be rare.

The ripening seed of life's harvest
 Shall in death's night hid away
 Only wait the dawn of the morrow
 To bloom in the garden of day.

Sae far from Hame.

I'm sae far frae hame an Faither
 An the nicht's baith mirk an lang
 The road been such an thorny
 An my foes I've been amang
 I've hear't their cruel jestin
 I've seen their mockin leer
 As I've stumbled on the pathway
 An ma hairt maist sick wi fear.

But I've hear't my Faither's whisper
 Sae again I louped in glee
 As he tel't me o his promis
 An that it was for me
 Gin I has stumbled sairley
 I can be crouse in Him
 Whase grace is gein to save me
 Whase bluid can cleanse ma sin
 Sae I'm waitin for his comin
 For the sounin of his naame
 For the bricht and gladsome mornin
 Whan he'll come and tak me hame.

The Bivouac is Kept.

On the field of conflict, where stands the
 proud hero,
 The bravest may fall by the hand of the foe,
 And the tear of our sorrow shall water the
 laurel,
 The wreath which we bound on the warrior's
 brow.

And oh while in vain we wait their return-
 ing,
 Nor stand by the grave where lieth the fair;
 We plant in our hearts true seed for the
 growing,
 And, to the sweet blossom of immortelles
 there.

Though distant the spot the hero is sleeping,
 Though loving hands tend not his last earthly bed;

The Bivouac is kept, the angels are guarding
 The place, and the slumber of patriot dead.

And when we hear the grand reveille sounding

On the great muster day in land of the fair,
 Our comrades all gathered, now they are waiting,

God grant that at roll call we all may be there.

Aspasio.

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.
 —Virgil.

The morning dawned a bright felicitous morn,

Soft in its coming light the day appears,
 Day filled with hope, was not Aspasio born,
 One who God's favor in large measure shares.

The speeding hours haste by, on lightning
wings,
Swiftly they fly, and bear the thought
away,
In blended notes the heart its anthem sings,
To join the melody in courts of day.

Aspasio grows, in virtue strong and true,
The boy in promise the measure of the man,
In conflict he the worth of succor knew,
God's promise, ground secure on which to
stand.

The noonday passes with its bounding life
And passion, frailties show their subtle
power,
Athwart the path such storms and strife,
Hiding the light, making darkness lower.

Faith's grasp is firm, Aspasio's soul is true,
The world no charm can show to draw
away
His heart from right; his mind from that he
knew,
Would gain the cloudless light of an eter-
nal day.

Swiftly the evening comes, and several ties
Tell us the soul has passed to realms of day,
As dies Aspasio so the good man dies,
There calm at length he breathes his soul
away.

'Tis Not with Theumed Host
The Comes.

Where Midian Shepherd watched his flock
With patient heart, neath orient sky,
By starlight night or noonday sun,
'Twas there he felt that God was nigh.

Close by him, in a bush he saw
A fire, while yet all unconsumed
The bush remained, and so with awe
He sought to know what it should mean.

Approach not nigh! a voice declared,
'Tis holy ground on which you stand;
Take off thy shoes, and be prepared
To run in haste at my command.

A message with thee I shall send
To him who sits on Egypt's throne;
Go bid him free a people bound,
Go tell him, give me back my own.

I've heard their prayers, and saw their tears.
Doth not my soul their chains abhor;
I've marked his course these many years;
Nor longer shall his pride endure.

Now Moses heard, and wondered why
 Such high design should fall to him;
 And, such the request he made of God,
 In effort vain the task to shun.

Go forth, and tell the stubborn King
 To let my people go, said He,
 For great the triumph thou shalt bring,
 And all the earth shall hear of me.

Full well that word has been fulfilled.
 Since God through Israel's prince has spoke
 How plague, and death, by Heaven willed,
 The power of Egypt's Monarch broke.

Earth heard the story of Israel free,
 Through mountain pass, o'er desert led
 To pleasant land, of plain, and sea,
 Of mount, and stream, and fertile glade.

Adown the years has come the song
 Of Israel's holy minstrel King;
 He told of one who yet to come,
 Should other great deliverance bring.

Eternal truths like cycles roll;
 Unfolding to the eager mind;
 And lo! the truth personified!
 Christ, God's son, on earth we find.

In fancy oft I walk thy shores,
 And see the storm tossed Gallilee;
 I hear again the sweet discourse,
 Of Him who walked upon the sea.

The one of whom the prophet told,
 And Seraph sang with voice and pen;
 And, as I read those pages old
 I see Him walk those plains again.

Judean plains, where patriarch trod,
 And sages told the coming years;
 Where Hebrew armies followed God
 Or Captives wept repentant tears.

There walked the glorious prince of peace,
 The prophet, Saviour, Priest and King;
 Whose bounds of kingdom e'er increase!
 Whose praise the Angel harpers sing.

I mark the footprints of His way
 All through the going of His years,
 And feel, and hear in sorrow's day,
 The touch that heals, the word that cheers.

'Tis not with helmed host he comes,
 Nor wealths attire his form arrays;
 He comes to bless the lowly homes,
 And cheer the weary toiler's days.

Alone upon the mountain side
 He prays, while tempter waits to win,
 In wilderness, or temple tower,
 The Christ was never known, to sin.

Ambition's subtle luring thought
 For tinsel show, He never felt,
 But, for the sin cursed world he sought,
 As at His father's feet he knelt.

Alone, alone he travelled long!
 A pilgrim poor, and hard bestead;
 A prince, whose sacrifice of love,
 Left Him not where to lay His head.

His words, like dew from hermon fell,
 A pure philosophy sublime,
 Man eager, wondering, heard him tell,
 O! man so Human, yet Divine!

Where Siloam's waters sparkling run,
 The blind receive again their sight;
 Where Kedron's brook reflects the sun,
 There shines the brighter truer light.

A grateful people speak His praise,
 The poor man hears the wondrous bliss
 Of God's redemptive plan, and says,
 Was ever heard such words as these?

The lame rejoice the prophet came,
 The palsied limbs again are strong,
 The maniac at his word is sane,
 The Leper sings his grateful song.

When hungering thousands followed close
 At His Divine command they're fed,
 And offered free, to all who chose;
 The gift of God, the living bread.

Life's weary pageant passes dim
 Before us as the year's go by;
 The holier teaching is of him,
 Who dwelt with men so lovingly.

It lifts the weary struggler up,
 From out the depths of dire despair,
 And gives the trembling hand the cup,
 Filled to the brim, with pleasures rare.

He lived, to show the world a field
 Where sheaves of good may gathered be;
 To tell, beyond the present ill,
 Of greater good we hope to see.

The words he spoke are living still,
 Himself enthroned our King is He;
 They serve Him best who do His will,
 And find who is his slave is free.

They see the shining of his face
 On every page, in every line,
 And know, the triumph of his grace
 To meet the measure of their time.

To walk beneath his Royal flag,
 And see the triumph of his cause;
 Dismay among His foemen spread,
 And shout the glory of His cross.

No dreary fate despoils his plan,
 No end of life, with Him can be;
 No lesser gift He brings to man,
 Than purer life, from error free.

So wrote the prophet of the Christ,
 So spoke the Christ to sinful men;
 So wrote the men who knew Him best;
 And thus our hearts respond again.

I see again the weary march,
 From Herod's Hall to Calvary Hill;
 The crowd, who go with jeer and scoff;
 The sinless son of God to kill.

Again I hear the dying groan,
 Of Him who only lived to bless,
 And, when all human heart's were stone;
 He gave them but forgiveness.

Across the chasm of the grave,
 The Risen Christ's alive for aye;
 Death's vanquished! and He saves!
 The gulf is bridged by love to day.

A love that makes our hope secure
 In His infinitude, we sing,
 He asks, that all in life to Him
 Shall consecrated service bring.

I know not in the coming days,
 What good, or ill may come to me;
 I know, that in life's devious ways
 His word is my security.

I see the embattled hosts of God,
 The ranks of faithful chosen men;
 Their battle cry, the Blood! the Blood!
 Has power to cleanse the guilty stain.

Not strife, but peace, the Book proclaims,
 Not swords, but hearts for truth are strong;
 'Tis love, at last shall break the chains,
 That bind the son's of men to wrong.

O Christ while of thy love I sing,
 And teach life's true philosophy;
 O may my heart full tribute bring,
 Own the full glory of thy sway.

Like Christ, then let me live to be
 A living help for good, to men;
 Like Him, live for futurity.
 So, crowned at last, with Him to reign.

Harbor of Rondeau.

Our ship was riding at anchor,
 Secure on a quiet sea,
 The merry song of the sailor,
 Floated out o'er Lake Erie.
 A light breeze piped that morning,
 The ratlins hummed the tune,
 As the "Anna Craig" rode lightly
 On that bright November noon.

We watched the old man standing,
 His hand on the capstan head,
 His eye on the small clouds, drifting
 From the Nor-west, overhead.
 We knew a storm was coming,
 We thought of the rocks close by;
 And then, of our wives and children,
 As we heard the captain say.

My lads, see, the wind is rising!
Lake Erie will foam to-day,
And the spray from wave com b flying
Will over the deck have way.
So, lash taut the hatchway covers,
Furl close on the boom the sail,
Now, stand by to hoist the anchors,
And head her before the gale.

We're too close to shore my hearties,
For the surf runs high, you see!
Our safety lies in the open,
With our good ship sailing free.
She is drifting fast to leeward,
The gale blows hard, while the snow
With the spray now is mingling,
We'll find shelter in Rondeau.

The waves lashing broke around her,
She tossed like a helpless thing;
Then, like a grim formed spectre,
She fled before the wind.—
So black were the clouds above her,
And mad were the waves beneath;
The snow and spray as they mingled,
Felt cold as the hand of death.

Now leaping and bounding forward
Straining, and shook by the storm,
The scream of the wind in the shrouds
Like groans from some struggling form.
Like prayer for help, for rescue
From the wind, and waves, and snow,
Till at last, we anchored safely
In the harbor of Rondeau.



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